

THE CHRISTIAN SUN.

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY; IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY; IN ALL THINGS, CHARITY.

VOL. XLIV.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1891.

NUMBER 28.

The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, a sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety, the only test of fellowship and membership.
5. The right of private judgment and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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FACTS AND STATISTICS.

Asia, the cradle of the human race, has 102 Young Men's Christian Associations "Darkest Africa" has 13, and Oceania, comprising the islands of the sea, has 16.

†††

Mr. Moody's sixth annual convocation of college students at Northfield, Mass., opened with 108 universities, colleges, high schools and academies represented, 329 students being present. Yale, with thirty-nine students being present, had the largest delegation.

†††

The Russian Government is persecuting the Baptists almost as shamefully as the Jews. These are called "Sandists," from the word meaning an hour, because originally they met an hour for reading the Bible. But persecution is only increasing their

numbers, and already the Sandists number many thousands.

†††

Cornelius Vanderbilt and his mother will, within the next four months, have finished in New York the finest mission building in the world. They present it to St. Bartholomew's church, and it is said to be denominated the "Parish House of St. Bartholomew's church." Cornelius Vanderbilt bought the land, which, with the excavation, cost \$75,000. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt is erecting the building at a cost of \$225,000. Cornelius will add to this a \$9,900 concert organ.

†††

In Yokohama 400,000 European tradesmen visited the Chinese Board of Trade during the year. There are 38,000 students there, and in Japan over 8,000,000 children are attending the schools, where the Bible is the standard study-book. In China the railroad stations at Singapore are of the finest, and the volume of business is astonishing. Here is a field that needs hundreds of missionaries and thousands of dollars to complete the great evangelical and educational work which has but just begun. The work of every missionary to-day is a far more responsible one than that of any missionary twenty-five years ago.

†††

Roman Catholics are diminishing in number by immigration to the United States. A recent memorial issued in Berlin to the Papal Secretary contains this admission: "Calculations based upon the most authoritative statistics go to show that Catholic immigrants and their children ought to constitute in the United States a Catholic population of twenty-six millions. But the fact is, that the number of Catholics in that vast country scarcely exceeds ten millions. Catholicity, therefore, up to the present date, has sustained a net loss of sixteen millions in the great American Republic." This is a gratifying concession, and indicates the effect of our free religious thought on Romanism.

†††

This has the ring of true greatness in it and would that there were more Gladstones living. Here is what he writes as to the loss of his son and the coming campaign:

"We in our affliction are deeply sensible of the mercies of God. He gave us for fifty years a most precious son. He has now only hidden him for a very brief space from the sight of our eyes. It seems a violent transition from such thoughts to the arena of political contention; but transition may be soft-

ened by the conviction we profoundly hold that we in the first and greatest of our present controversies work for the honor, well-being and future peace of our opponents not less than for our own."

It is not usual to have a political combatant so deeply concerned for the honor and future peace of his opponents as well as for those of his own party.

†††

The Standard Oil Company first obtained control of American wells and refineries, then of the transportation of oil to the seaboard, next of the American foreign trade in petroleum. It is now announced that it has obtained the monopoly of the European trade. It transports its oil in tank steamers, thus avoiding the German tax on barrels. It has great barrel factories, and pumps the oil directly into barrels. The Standard Oil Co. has absorbed the oil merchants of Bremen and Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Antwerp and Venice, and will control also the retail trade. The Nobels, who own many wells in Baku, and tank steamers on the Mediterranean and the Baltic, produce 2,000,000 barrels, about one third of the Russian output. Mr. Gaede, of Berlin, the manager of the Nobels, intimates that they will join the combination. The German-American Petroleum Company will control the oil market of the world.

†††

Surely there must be something new under the sun. The following we think is both novel and suggestive. It suggests activity and motion to say the least of it, and we are led to exclaim surely the Baptist are a missionary people.

A year or two ago a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, finding the congregations of his diocese in Minnesota and Dakota somewhat scattered, provided himself with a cathedral on wheels—a railroad car fitted up as a church. The idea has been utilized by the Baptists, who have converted a passenger car into a chapel, and propose in it to do missionary duty along the line of the Northern Pacific. The car is 60 feet long and will seat 70 persons. Along the side, just above the window, there is a continuous parcel rack for the reception of hats, books, etc. Back of the partition at the organ end of the car is the buffet with oil stove, ice box sink, sideboard, etc., for cooking purposes, and also a lavatory, with wash-stand and pump. At the other end of the floor plan is the living room for the occupants who go with the car, fitted up with section seats with upper and lower berths, dining table, with desk and office chair and heater, with necessary lockers.

What Rules The Rain?

A SERMON BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

TEXT:—Hath the rain a father? Job 38:28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ; others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now I have no trouble with the books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because as a rule I adopted some years ago.

I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot, then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture long as it is a comfort and help to my soul; but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning, I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe, then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

SCIENCE IS NOT RELIGION.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower? "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions; about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then he arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know that it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed

during the storm you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill.

It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then, how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor, but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

COMPLAININGS OF SINFUL MEN.

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought

to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

GOD'S TENDER MERCIES OVER ALL.

My text also suggests God's minute supervision. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute rain-drop He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use; if God wheels that great machinery through immensity He will not take the trouble to look down at me!" Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed,

and swung by the hand of God then are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutiae. If he has scales to weigh the mountains he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see him through the telescope than you can see him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?"

I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I trust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident?

When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besieged at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident?

NO ACCIDENTS IN THE DIVINE PLAN.

When, in one of the Irish wars, a starving mother, flying with her starving child sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us; and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out, "Read me the eighth book of Virgil."

Oh, my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's command and under a Father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war horse Bucephalus the saddle and the trappings of the conqueror, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was

a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton and Saussure and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says today as he said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in midlife, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies?

Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church goes into bankruptcy?

Before we make stark fools of ourselves let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealing? "Hath the rain a father?"

JUDGE NOT BY FEEBLE SENSE.

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentous than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty or persecution or bereavement. They hover over us, and get darker and blacker, and after a while a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the

eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after a while there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a Gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? That is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain."

There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud but no rain.

To your Christian comfort he said, "Don't talk me about God; there is no God; or would he have left me and these motherless children?" But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when she was away from home, with an outcry that appals there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears you find out that it is a tender hearted, merciful, pitiful and compassionate God who was the father of that rain.

"Oh," you say, "it's absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than of any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh! how deep fetched. It was better she should die; it was a mercy she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan, "Oh! my child,

my child!" Then there are the filial tears.

OUR GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man who has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but never can forget how she used to take care of you. There have been many sea captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness call for his mother?

The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself," you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying, "Oh, mother! mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands and in all ages, and put them together, and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is Father of all that rain of repentance.

Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage, "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh! it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man: I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life. God asked me for my services and I haven't given those services. Oh! my sins, God forgive me.

When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angels cannot keep his eye off it, and the church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the father of that rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious. In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart; I became an infidel; but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God. But it is a grief I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation. I don't know whether they are living or dead." While yet he was standing in the audience, a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!"

He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him for a great many years, and

when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us up with an appreciation of his mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh, that God would move upon this audience with a great wave of religious emotion.

THE GREAT KING PARDONS.

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the best men of the place came out barefooted and bareheaded, and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said, "We abused you and we abused your family; but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gate and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people sounded, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the king of the church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating him all these years; but he comes back today. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for his pardon, he will meet you with his gracious spirit and he will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through the audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

SUN RISE GLEAMS.

Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct.—*Carlyle*

The greatest work has always gone hand in hand with the most fervent moral purpose.—*Sidney Lieber*.

The proud seem to me to have, like dwarfs, the girth of a child and the face of a man.—*Joubert*.

A string of opinions no more constitutes faith than a string of beads constitutes holiness.—*John Wesley*.

Responsibility is personal. Before God face to face, each soul must stand to give account.—*F. W. Robertson*.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.—*Psa. 119:34*.

It is as impossible for Christian life not to diffuse itself as that living water should not flow or that flames should not rise.

Do you know on what bushes a little peace, faith and contentment grow? Go a-berrying early and late after them.—*Thoreau*.

A thoughtful writer has remarked that if we take rest when we need it we shall not quite so soon need the rest of the grave.

Every day is a golden opportunity which the Father of mercies has put into our hands for moral and religious purpose.—*Bruce*.

What is less difficult to awaken than a self-love which has grown drowsy? What more difficult to lull to sleep again than a self-love once awakened?"—*Joseph Roux*.

There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments —*George Eliot*.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.—*Anon*.

When we would rest our bodies, we cease to support them; we recline on the lap of earth. So, when we would rest our spirits, we must recline on the Great spirit.—*Thoreau*.

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?—*Richter*.

It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief and the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the deity.—*Bacon*.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun.—*Emerson*.

We are so presumptuous, that we would be known by the whole world, and even by those who shall come when we shall be no more; and we are so vain, that the esteem of five or six persons who surround us amuses and contents us. —*Pascal*.

The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut for him in the world, and does not go into any. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work which you intend getting done.—*Carlyle*.

Prayer sets the soul particularly near to God in Jesus Christ. It is then in his presence, and being much with God in this way, it is powerfully assimilated to him by converse with him; as we readily contract their habits with whom we have much intercourse, especially if they be such as we singularly love and respect. Thus the soul is molded further to the likeness of God, and is stamped with clearer characters of him by being much with him.—*Archbishop Leighton*.

The arrivals from 1871 to 1890 were 5,176,212, a growing increase of immigrants. The only falling off has been from France and China, the Chinese exclusion bill accounting for the few from China. Italy sends in more and yet more, as does Hungary and Russia and Poland. During the last decade 514,552 were skilled laborers and 26,257 professional men; but the vast bulk are of no skill or profession. If Congress had the right to exclude Chinese, has it not the right to exclude other foreigners. Is it not time that something more be done to prevent American people from such unhealthy influx?

The Sunday School's Opportunity for Evangelization.

Before entering a discussion there should always be an understanding of the terms used in stating the question to be discussed. So I have turned to "Webster" for the meaning of the word "Evangelization." Webster gives three definitions to it.

1. To instruct in the Gospel.
2. To preach the Gospel to.
3. To convert to a belief of the Gospel.

In studying this question it has seemed to my mind that the last of these three definitions given is the one under consideration.

Then the whole question as thus modified would be—*The Sunday School's Opportunity to Convert to a Belief in the Gospel.*

There must be created in the mind of the scholar an interest for the work. It must be made a delight for him. This is no exception to the rule that man does best that which he delights in doing. Pouring over Sunday school lessons may become dull work as well as cutting shrubs and no pay. We must not expect that the spirit of God is going to lay hold upon the child and draw him into the work of the lesson and create within him a liking for it without the use of human agencies. This work devolves upon the teacher to a great extent. The teacher must ever be looking after the new departures in the lesson work so that he may present the lessons in all their freshness like unto a nice lemon pie just out of the oven; sweet yet tart, fresh yet well seasoned. The teacher to create and keep up interest in his class must be sure that his lesson is not stale and uninteresting; hard and dry, as though cut and dried with last summer's apples. I admit that the Bible is ever fresh, and when fully and vividly presented to the mind of the pupil, is full of life and is attractive beyond any other book in the world. But we must allow for the one thousand and one other things which crowd in upon the mind of the child and which may become more fully understood and thereby become of greater interest.

The teacher should bring out the geography of the lesson and make the characters stand out in bold relief as though really present and taking part in the lesson.

First, then, awaken an interest in the study of the lesson, then offer inducements and incentives that the child may search out for himself and enquire into these matters, outside of regular Sunday school hours.

If the child becomes interested in these lessons he will be found enquiring of papa and mamma concerning certain parts of the lesson and he will naturally draw some of the practical lessons from it. There is too much the same routine of work from Sabbath to Sabbath, and the pupils know just about what is coming as well as does the members of a boarding club know what is coming each

day for dinner where they have a regularly established bill of fare. The element of wonder and surprise is entirely eradicated. There needs be something of the new entering into our work of life that that work may not become monotonous. The pupil must be made to see the symmetry and fitness of all the parts of the Gospel—the one part to the other—and then assisted by these blocks mapped out to him must put together the whole structure, that he may see the stairway and door leading up and entering into salvation. He must be able to see the whole plan and then, assisted by the grace of God, the Salvation of his soul (which, dearly beloved, is the end to be sought in all Sunday school work,) may be procured.

The Sunday school's opportunities in this line are almost boundless, for no theme is more fitted to awaken the minds of the children than the Gospel. No course of training is more delightful than that in the word of God when rightly carried forward. There is no book the child is more glad to have the people know it reads than the Bible, older ones too. There is no treasure of gems so complete nor pictures of life so real as those of the Bible. Get the child to become interested in the Sunday school work and you have started him on the road that with few exceptions will eventually lead him to the very gates of heaven. Produce in his mind a hungering and thirsting after the truth set forth in the word of God, and you have created in him an appetite that will be satisfied with nothing except the sincere milk of God's holy word.

Granted that your pupil has become interested in Sunday school work and finds delight in searching out the important truths of the lesson, "What is next?"

You may have aroused simply the child's curiosity. It may be that he has been led on simply by the desire to see, and know what is next, or what the end will be, with no more object in view than the reader of the love story in a dime novel would have, to see which one of the fellows she married. But at any rate you have the interest awakened and now is your time to advance; strike while the iron glows. Strive to impress upon his mind that this is not fiction but real; not poetry but fact. Show him that this teaching is not only something to learn, but something to live. Not only something to receive but something to impart. Not only something for the head but for the heart as well. Not exerting only in theory but also in practice. Impress upon his mind that he is a Judas when he betrays Jesus by word or act, by silence as well as word, and that we may betray our friends by what we may say or do either to them or others.

The Sunday school opportunities in this are wonderful. Surely it has all the chance in the world to instill in the minds of the children the truths that will take root and

forever afterward influence their lives. The Sunday school has the opportunity of moulding the character to a great extent of all those who are enrolled as its members. 'Tis true the Sunday school claims one hour of one day in seven. One out of each 168 hours, yet nevertheless there might be crowded into that hour enough of the right kind of teaching that its influence would continue throughout the remaining 167 hours.

There are moments in our lives when whole volumes are written on our hearts there to remain forever.

There are times when the heart is extremely sensitive to impressions, and when the heart is in that state there can be poured into it the living waters of life; there can be implanted within the germs of eternal salvation. The time is short but must be better improved. Advantage must be taken of the golden moments allotted for instruction in the lesson of the day. Digression from the matter relevant to the subject must not be entertained. Theological dogmas should not be indulged in. Press the truth home to the hearts of the children and help them to realize that it is the very truth.

Now you have them interested in their lessons; you have impressed upon their minds the fact that this study is that which will enrich their lives, that which will give them incentives to nobler living, and make life more nearly what it ought to be.

There are now before you grand opportunities. The possibilities of making of your class a model class are indeed flattering. When were there ever grander opportunities for evangelization? Remember our definition for evangelization as given by Webster, viz: "To convert to a belief of or in the gospel."

What lies in your way? What hindrances have not been removed? What dividing lines have not been blotted out? The class is waiting to receive. The pupils are open to conviction? Their hearts are ready for the seed to be sown therein. Indeed not to sow would be to commit a sin of omission. Now we stand with our class right on the verge of the Christian life—just at the line where Pizarro had his men; and as did Pizarro, so may we do, just lead them across. All your teaching prior to this has been simply a leading up to this point, as God did with the children of Israel so we have done with the class, we have led them out that we might bring them in. Let us never lose sight of the object of the Sunday school to lead up and into the promise land; to conduct in to Christian truth that the children may become followers of Christ. The great object and end in view is to convert to a belief in the gospel and hence in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. If you had your class these 10 years and have not yet led them to Christ you better examine your machinery; you better see if

your compass is rightly charged; see if your own life and being is hid with Christ in God.

Napoleon said, "Give me the children for two years, and I'll conquer the world."

It seems to me that the Sunday school's opportunities for evangelization are all that could be asked for. If a teacher can't in the course of 6, 8, or 10 years teaching lead a class to Christ there's something wrong. God help us to get right, and to be able to convert our classes to a belief in the gospel and thereby in Jesus. Belief in all its fullness of meaning. Believe and thou shalt live.

Only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and eternal salvation is your inheritance.

May God bless the S. S. Work. These golden opportunities should be improved.

G. W. MORROW.

Temperance in a New Light.

It is curious how a man will listen to the most elaborate arguments made by the most eminent orators in the cause of religion or temperance without being convinced of the error of his manner of living, and then at some unexpected time a few words spoken by some old friend or neighbor will do what the great orators have failed to do. A case of this kind has just come under my observation. A popular business man about forty years of age, whose principal fault consisted of his determination "to take a drink whenever I feel like it," was one of half a dozen gentlemen assembled in a social group when the subject of alcoholism came up. It was discussed in about the usual way, all the gentlemen present being teetotalers except the business man, who said, after listening to his friends tell about the harmfulness of alcohol: "Well, I take a drink whenever I feel like it, but I have no use for a man who will allow liquor in any shape to become his master, and I know hundreds of men who do the same thing without injury to themselves or to society."

"Are you certain of that last statement?" asked one of his oldest neighbors.

"Yes, I—I think—I—am", was the hesitating reply.

"Well, now let us see about it. You remember Blank, the Seventh street merchant; he was just that kind of a man when I first knew him. Do you remember what caused his failure?"

"Yes, excessive drinking and neglect of his business."

"That was my impression. Now, do you see that haggard faced slouching figure creeping along on the other side of the street? You know him; he was your schoolmate, and the champion athlete of your school. Now tell me what destroyed his health and his prospects and made of him the pitiful object he now is?"

"Whiskey", laconically answered the business man.

"You were on the committee to raise money to pay the rent for our sick neighbor, whose husband is serving a term in prison for having committed forgery, and you know all the circumstances. He started out with almost the same ideas as you now express; what was it that made him a felon and branded his innocent wife and children with disgrace?"

"It was drink that ruined him; but," becoming excited, "these men allowed liquor to become their masters".

"True, and so will drink become your master, unless you stop while there is yet time."

"Impossible!" somewhat irritably.

"Come, come, don't get offended. Answer two more questions, and I am done. You say that you know hundreds of men who drink whenever they feel like it without injury to themselves or others; now candidly is it not from this very class of drinkers that all the confirmed drunkards come? and is it not a fact within your own personal knowledge that many of your acquaintances, in paying for their drinks, use money which should go to provide for their wives and children?"

"Enough, enough, you have presented the evils of moderate drinking in an entirely new light to me, and from this time forth I shall never swallow another drop of intoxicating liquor."

To say that the gentleman who made this conversion was happy when he heard the fervent "thank God!" which the wife of this business man uttered when she heard the good news, is almost superfluous. C. A. S.

Beautiful Old Age.

There is such a thing as beautiful old age. When the rosy color is all gone, when the pretty dimples have become wrinkles, and youth's charming grace has disappeared beneath the gnawing tooth of time, then comes the period that tries of what material the man or woman is made. Alas for the old age that has nothing left it but wrinkles and gray hairs. Nature takes a horrible revenge upon the life that has been given over to selfish pleasure seeking first and selfish repining afterward. There are few objects more pitiful than an old, peevish, discontented man or woman, with life steadily going out like the flame of a burned out candle, and with nothing pleasant to dwell upon in the past, nothing hopeful to look forward to in the future.

But lovely old age! Draw up the armchair, place the foot stool before it, and bring the young people to look upon this perfect beauty that comes when the year has been a prosperous one and the shock is fully ripe for the garner. There is no other beauty

like it; the beauty of matured, well rounded, harmonious life, ready and waiting for the change that will come as softly as the closing in of a summer evening.

Blessed is the household that has an armchair in it, where the closing of life is filled with submission and hope, with resignation and peace and trust. A figure is in my mind while I write—the figure of an old lady whose hair is as white as a snow drift. What storms have passed over that whitened head, I wonder? Along what thorny paths has she been compelled to go? Doubtless, troubles have closed around her many times, until it seemed that there was no way of escape; but she was led on, step by step, and there was always the pillars of cloud by day, or fire by night. She has come past all the thorny ways at last, and rests on the shores of the placid river. "What a lovely face," is the cry of every one who sees her, and people turn and look after her lingeringly. "What a lovely face!"

Blessed is the household that has an armchair in it. Put the armchair in the cheeriest corner. Let light and pleasant conversation and general laughter be about it. If you have cares, keep them to yourself. The trembling form that sits in the armchair has born the burden for a long time, and now has the right to lay it down. Some day there will be no use for the old chair. The snowy hair will be smoothed down for the last time; the wrinkled face will settle into profound repose. Keep smiles and sunny warmth for trembling old age while it is here.

When we come to occupy the old armchair how will it be with us, I wonder? Perhaps we too will find that the tears come easily for so many who started through life with us have grown weary and fallen by the wayside; perhaps we will find that we did not fight our battles as earnestly or unselfishly as we might have done; perhaps feeble age and its enforced inactivity will stir up all that is bitter and rebellious in our nature. But ah! let us hope not. Let us live so truly and nobly that when "at the last shall come old age" it shall crown us with the placid restfulness that should come at the close of every well spent life, and may all our doubts and struggles be answered when we journey down to the tomb and find the stone rolled away. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

As has been mentioned before recently the Lord Mayor of London delivered a speech which proved to be a sermon of Spurgeon's preached and printed years ago. The general belief is that the Mayor employed some man to write a speech for him and never doubted the speech was an original one. But the most amusing thing in regard to it is that Spurgeon not recognizing his own sermon wrote to the Lord Mayor congratulating him on his fine speech.

Missionary Boxes.

As you have been reading in the Missionary Journals and Reviews, and learning of the great results accruing to the treasuries of the Missionary Societies of other denominations from their mite boxes, extra-penny-a-day-boxes, Missionary barrels, etc., have you been saying, "Why do not our people get out something of that sort and not be so much behind the times?" I write now to tell you that such is already an accomplished fact. Our Mission Secretary has gotten out such boxes, upon which are appropriate mottos, and Scripture texts representing the Biblical position of the Christians. These boxes are 3½ inches long, 2½ inches wide, and 1½ in depth; are in assorted colors, printed in gilt, and make nice ornaments for the mantle or center table.

HOW TO SECURE THEM.

To any person or Missionary Society wishing to use them for either Foreign or Home Missions to be sent to the Mission Secretary, or to the Treasurer of either the Woman's Foreign or Woman's Home Mission Boards of the American Christian Convention, they will be sent free, the person ordering enclosing one postage stamp (per box) to pay postage. If desired for any other purpose than for gathering money for the Mission work of the American Christian Convention, 5cts. each, or 50cts. per doz. will be charged. We have already sent out several boxes, and are now awaiting orders. We would like to send out 500 this month. They are of two kinds. The first inscription on one is "Penny a Day Extra for Missions," on the other it is, "Offerings for Christian Missions." They can be used for both Home and Foreign, or for either. The box after being filled once can be emptied and used again. Send orders to J. G. Bishop, 127 Williams St., Dayton, Ohio. Please send for one quick!

"Are you almost discouraged with life?

I will tell you a wonderful trick,
That will bring you contentment, if anything can—
Do something for somebody quick!"

EMILY K. BISHOP.

MISSION ORGANIZER.

Dayton, O. July 17th, 1891.

A Good Sermon.

The first thing needed to make a good sermon is gospel truth. If the preacher don't put in enough of that to save a lost sinner or to comfort a discouraged saint, his effort falls short of its highest purpose. Then, a good sermon must have two other things, illustration and application. The truth must be made first plain and then practical. The duller hearer should be made to understand the message, and the most indifferent one be led to feel that the message is for him.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

THE PASTORS' PAGE.

"Plan your work, and work your plan."

Letter from Youngsville, N. C.

DEAR BRO. BARRETT:—Second Sunday we had the pleasure of being at Winder, a small village on the S. & L. R. R., where we met quite a good congregation which had assembled for the purpose of attending the dedication of the Christian church at that place. The writer preached the sermon and conducted the dedicatory service.

The services were, voluntary by the choir; the invocation prayer by the pastor, Rev. P. T. Way; second hymn read by Rev. Bro. Caveness of the M. E. church; Scripture lesson, prayer, collection, by the writer, then followed the sermon and dedication, after which a very fervent prayer by Rev. Bro. Jones of the Baptist. Then we administered the emblems representing the body and blood of our Lord Jesus to a very large number of communicants. From here we went to Keyser on buggy, a distance of about 17 miles and preached again at 8 p. m.

And yesterday and day before third Sunday, I met my congregation at New Elam in quarterly meeting. My congregation was very large and attentive. The Sunday school here is in a flourishing condition and it is one of considerable interest; they have four large classes, viz., the father and mother's class, first and second Bible classes, then an infant class numbering between 20 and 30, with two teachers. Now let me tell you how they conduct their school. When the recitations are over each class stands up and sings one song and each member of the class repeats a verse of Scripture, and thus the services are pleasantly conducted. I think it would do any one good to see them go through with the exercises, and especially to see the old folks so much interested.

Rev. S. B. Klapp is quite sick, has been confined to his bed for a week; also Rev. D. M. Williams is quite sick. The Elon students will remember him.

May the good Lord bless us with the ingathering of many precious souls such as shall be saved, during the protracted season.

July 20, 1891

P. T. KLAPP.

From Holland.

Yesterday, the second Sunday, was an unusually pleasant day to the writer, and he hopes it was profitably spent. I left home early for Bethlehem Christian church, Nausemonde county, Va. On my way as I purposed, I called to see an aged brother, John King, near Buckhorn. He has been confined to his bed about four weeks, has been a great sufferer and is now thought by his physician to be near his end. His good wife too, has been in bed some weeks with something like a bone-felon, but of more than usual dimensions, reaching over the entire palm of one hand, producing great soreness and excruciating pain. She was, however, getting some better. Bro. King's health has not been good for some years past, having been troubled with chronic diarrhoea, and more recently, with paralysis on one side. I spent some time by his bedside, in conversation with him and giving him some of the consolation of the Gospel; then by request of his daughter, read the 23d Psalm, and at our request commended him in prayer to the love and mercy of God. I also visited the room of the suffering wife, who was afflicted almost

as much in mind as body, on account of the condition of him with whom she had walked the path of life in loving accord so long and now unable to be with him to sympathize and administer comfort. It gave us real satisfaction when I left that home of sorrow to know I had "visited the sick," and to have the sweet assurance from affectionate and devoted children, who were present, that my visit was appreciated.

Leaving the effected family, I proceeded to Bethlehem church, reaching there before the exercises of the Sabbath school had closed. The Sunday school was large and interesting. Like a faithful watchman, I found Bro. H. H. Butler, the pastor, at his post of duty. I was kindly and courteously received by him, and invited by him to preach, which I did. The congregation though not as large as usual, on account of a meeting at Providence, M. E. church, yet it was sufficiently large to be inspiring to the speaker, the attention was good, and we hope good impressions were made. The Sabbath school Convention is in session there this week.

R. H. HOLLAND.

Burton's Grove.

The church at Burton's Grove, commemorated the birthday of our independence by giving a Sunday school picnic. Refreshments of different kinds were in abundance. The dinner was free; other refreshments were sold. The nice little sum of about forty dollars was raised, which will be used in buying a Sunday school library. The church has a good Sunday school superintendent in Bro. W. J. Barker. The day was pleasant and seemed to be enjoyed by all present.

While returning home that afternoon, Mrs. Priscilla Travis and her daughter, Miss Lizzie, were thrown from their cart and badly injured. Some of the harness came unfastened, and the horse became frightened and ran away. Miss Lizzie was badly bruised, while Mrs. Travis, got her right arm broken and her right shoulder dislocated. Mrs. Travis is fifty-eight years old. She is a beloved member of Burton's Grove church, and no doubt has the prayers of her church.

Burton's Grove is a frontier church, but we see no reason why, with the proper efforts she should not, in a few years be known as a central church. We have had a hard time here for a few years—building, etc., but the church is now upon her feet and we trust moving on toward success. While much of our success is due to the efficient labors of our beloved pastor, Rev. M. W. Butler, yet credit must be given to a few ladies of the church, whose efforts have seemingly, been untiring. It has been said that "when women will to do a thing, that it is impossible to prohibit them from reaching the end sought." We believe this to be a good principle in the Christian ladies of our land. Oh, that all church members had more spiritual *will* power.

I think it probable that there will be three or four students at Elon College from this section next year. I am doing all that I can to recommend the College, not simply because I think it my duty, but it is also a pleasure. I believe it will be a pleasure to any student to speak of Elon in the highest terms, after they have spent one year there. I think if all the students of last year, will do what they can during vacation, that they will greatly assist the professors in getting students for next year.

W. J. LAINE.

Burton's Grove, July 6, 1891.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1891.

REV. J. PRESSLEY BARRETT, D. D., Editor.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. Barrett's physician prevailed upon him to remain at the Springs a week longer than he had anticipated, but he is expected to arrive here today. He is much improved in health.

†††

Several delegates and visitors enroute for the Sunday school Convention at Catawba Springs got off the train here Monday and Tuesday. We hope some one at each of the Conventions will give the SUN a report of the proceedings.

†††

The many friends of Miss Lena Beale of Suffolk will be very sorry to learn that she has been, and still is, quite ill. Miss Lena is an excellent young lady and has a host of friends, who sympathize with her in this her time of sickness and will hope for her speedy recovery.

†††

The *Piedmont Herald* is the name of a paper recently gotten out by the Herald Publishing company of Leaksville. The first copy of the *Herald* issued last week in a clean sheet, ably edited, newsy, and speaks to the public in behalf of agriculture, education and morality. We shall welcome the *Herald* to our sanctum and wish for it a long and successful career.

†††

The protracted meetings at the various churches especially in the country will be in progress for some weeks now. Let us all work and pray for a gracious outpouring of God's spirit. Let us have a united effort in bringing souls to Christ—do our duty to the best of our ability, fearless and undaunted, trusting in the Lord and giving Him all the praise and honor. If we do our part, God will do His and great will be the harvest.

†††

Who rules the rain? There are persons who delight to question everything. Some men believe, or profess to believe, that He who created the rain has no control over it. These people are too smart—they are what is commonly known as "smart alecks." In this issue, Dr. Talmage in his sermon, answers the question: "Hath the rain a father?" If you know one of those smart "alecks" hand it to him and ask him to read it.

Now is the time to work for Elon College and we hope all are doing what they can. We suppose the teachers are all canvassing the country and they need your assistance. Let all the old students endeavor to carry one or more new ones back with them. We hear of quite a number of new ones who expect to enter Elon in the fall, but there is no danger of getting too many and no one should miss an opportunity of putting in a lick for the college.

†††

Great interest is now taken in anything pertaining to Alaska, and those who cannot go and see what that part of our country is like for themselves will be glad to read of the experiences of two persons who have been there, as set forth in "A Trip to Alaska," by Dr. A. Victoria Scott and Emily J. Bryant, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for August. The article is profusely illustrated and admirably written. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for August is an excellent one.

†††

Probably the greatest of English speaking preachers has been very low of late and serious apprehensions for his recovery have been awakened. Mr. Spurgeon is known probably as no other preacher of his age, and now that the prospects for his recovery are doubtful, many anxious hearts will fear the worst but pray for the better. Although only 57 years old June 19, his labors have been wonderful and during the whole of his ministry has been kept under a constant strain. He was baptized 50 years ago and his labors have been untiring.

†††

A worthy exchange asks the question, "How can a man separate his religion from his business or from his politics without cutting himself off from the source of his spiritual life?" And then comes the ready reply "A really Christ-like man could no more keep his religion not of his business or his politics than he could keep air out of his lungs. As the body lives by breathing the air of heaven, so the spirit lives by communion with God; and that communion can only be enjoyed by one who habitually seeks to do the will of God in every act of life."

†††

Any person who thinks that religion is only for Sunday usage and be separated from business is mistaken. Religion is a practical thing and to be enjoyed by man must be carried into every location that he would dare enter. Religion injures no man but helps every one who will live in the light of its wisdom and conform to its simple requirements. But we cannot bear the fruits of the Spirit by conformity today and unconformity tomorrow. We must carry it with us at all times and live by it and with it and in it and under all circumstances.

†††

We all the attention of our readers to

Sister Bishop's article in the SUN on "Missionary Boxes." Our Missionary fund, both for Foreign and Home, needs to be increased greatly and the plan suggested is an admirable one as well as an easy one. We hope many of our readers will send for the boxes. We notice the following engraving on one side of the box: A penny-a-day for every member of the Christian church would amount to about three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Two pennies-a-week would amount to one hundred thousand dollars. What a power in pennies toward saving the world for Christ.

†††

"To err is human, but to forgive is divine." Yet how hard it is sometimes even to get that much of divinity and keep it within our hearts. To bear a grudge against one bespeaks selfishness, narrow mindedness and is un-Christ-like and sinfulness frequently debars one from many a happy hour and "sweet communion with Him who loves us. The *Christian Patriot* speaks forcibly and to the point when it says: "Have you an old grudge in your heart against somebody, that had been smouldering for years, poisoning your joys, and saying to the spirit of Christ, you may come so far but no farther? If you have, be a sensible man and get rid of it in a Christian way. It was an unforgiving spirit that killed Jesus and the same thing will kill your soul if you don't get rid of it. If you forgive not neither will your Father forgive you."

Christian Unity.

Doubtless all will admit that the church of to-day needs to be more united—more union and concert of action among both laymen and ministers. If there are any people on earth who ought to feel themselves bound together by inseparable bonds, surely they are the Christians—the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. In union there is strength and surely all the strength that man, with God's help, can furnish ought to be supplied in the accomplishment of the grandest mission entrusted to man—the salvation of the world. But as all will admit, as every one must see and none can deny, that Christian unity is one of the *essentials* to the spiritual growth of the church, we deem it useless to bring any proofs to bear upon that point here. The question now before us is: How much do we desire that unity of strength and action? How much will I give, what will I sacrifice to bring about that union? We desire the effects, but what are we doing to remedy the causes? This much is certain. Effects do not come without, or contrary to, causes. It is man's duty to attend to the causes, God will attend to the effects. Now notice. Christian unity is an effect. It is an effect of love, harmony, concord. Now to bring about these latter and to produce

the desired effect *necessitates* ridding ourselves of (1) malice, (2) envy and (3) jealousy. These, one and all, must be eradicated from the heart, before love, sympathy or harmony can exist there. As long as we harbor malice toward a brother, envy him in his position or show ourselves so jealous of him and his work as to try injure, harm or abuse that brother either openly or secretly, the desired union will stand abashed. It cannot come under such conditions—impossible. Malice and love, envy and sympathy, jealousy and harmony don't dwell in the same tabernacle—don't mix and never will until opposites and contraries become coordinate and equal.

Here is A, my brother, who is doing what he can in his feeble way for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth. The effects of his influence are telling. God is using him with good results. Brother B is laboring likewise, doing probably what he can. But the results do not seem to be forth-coming, the effects of his labors do not seem so grand as those of A. Probably God is using B for some other purpose. From this let us learn two lessons. Should B become discouraged and relax in his efforts? Certainly not. Who knows God's purposes? But this. Has B the right to go around and criticise the efforts and endeavor to impair the labors of his brother? Well if he has that right we are of the opinion that he obtained it from the flesh and the devil, not from the Bible and the all-wise God. Oh, if we could only see ourselves as others see us and learn the simple lesson that others have a little ability, some talent and can do things as well as our dear, precious selves! How ready we are to censure, criticise, abuse, when it would be more Christ-like to commend, encourage, praise; many a flower has withered by the wayside for the want of a few cool refreshing drops. Many a brother has relaxed his effort, yea, even fainted on his weary journey because his earnest efforts were not only not commended, but even ridiculed and criticised by some older brother, or some one more fortunate in the world than himself. One step further, and the most sickening picture of all. Any brother who will in an underhand or secret manner try to sneak round and in secret try to abuse another brother or destroy that brother's usefulness is a wolf in sheep's clothing and not worthy the name of Christian. This is envy and jealousy aflame and if not quenched will kindle into a flame beyond unquenchable.

In Christ we are one and may God help us to realize that we are struggling for a common cause and that in helping one another we are forming a band of Christian Union—a solid phalanx against the hosts of sin and satan will be powerless. If a brother is doing the best he can surely it is as little as we can do to try and encourage and ask God's blessing upon that brother and his efforts. What we need is more of the spirit of Christ.

The True Standard Bearer.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness in the desert air"

There are volumes in those lines and I love to think on them. There is a tinge of hallowed sadness and a ray of sacred joy and comfort in them. If Gray had never written any thing else these lines were enough to immortalize his name. Did he not from the shadowy past peer into the "mystic future" and see something of our own times—the world as it now is and the many restless beings that make it up?

Notoriety! notoriety! is the cry of the day and the craze for it seems to have run men mad, set society on fire, broke loose on state and run the church wild. There seems to be no extremes to which men will not go just to get a little honor, fame, notoriety. To get their names in print, keep themselves and what they do before the public seem to be their aim and object in life. We are told in sacred writ that Esau sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, but if there are not men to-day selling their birth-right, their independence, their all, both for this world and the world to come, just for a little self glorification, a mite of worldly praise, a bit of undeserved notoriety we are mistaken—and sadly.

If the cry "I beg thee fling away ambition Cromwell" could be heralded and heeded throughout this land of ours, we would have a better world, a more consecrated, devoted and humble people. Humility and devotion to duty seem to be lost sight of in the scramble for a little notoriety. I wonder if people think that getting their names before the public, getting themselves in print, will save their souls? Where do they get their promise of reward for such? Surely not out of the bible. There is no plainer lesson taught than that of humility, devotion to and performance of duty for its own sake. I fear that some of those who perform deeds that they may be seen of men will find when it is too late that they were sadly mistaken. But who are the "true standard bearers" of Christ's cause? I cannot believe it is those who seek, notoriety and prominence for what they do. They have their reward. In the great day of reckoning I believe many who think themselves much exalted in this world will have to occupy very low seats in the beyond and many who now feel themselves humble will receive many stars in their crown. The world often fails to give a person his dues, but God will not. We perform no deed in secret that He will not see and reward openly. Let the world pass us by then unnoticed if it will. Let the newspaper men, orators of the day, fail to proclaim our names to the world, and let the world, term us insignificant if it wishes, God is a just God and not a respecter

of persons. No deeds too lowly, no acts too humble, no performance of duty too insignificant for His all-seeing eye, provided they are performed with the right spirit—with a true, humble and contrite heart.

I do not believe then that the true standard bearer of the cause and those who will receive the greatest rewards are those who give alms in public places, perform deeds for the public to take note of, or even those ministers who preach to the biggest churches for the biggest pay, but those humble, devoted, Christian souls who bear the heat and burden of the day, who struggle in the out of the way places for the salvation of precious souls and who perform their duty as best they can because they love duty and Christ and not fame and notoriety. Y.

Elon College Notes.

As it is my turn I will endeavor to let the friends of the Sun hear from the college.

We do not know of any place that has prospered more for the length of time than Elon. She is gaining in size and property and real estate advancing in value.

Those who invest now will do well. In a short while real estate will no doubt bring double what it can be purchased for at present. In the near future we expect to have a nice town located here. There is one special feature about Elon to be admired: what houses are built here are good ones and the people that are located here and those who will locate in the future are of the very best people. Some handsome buildings are going up this summer of which some have been mentioned in your columns heretofore, others we will mention. Rev. Mr. Boone of Pittsboro will commence his building this week. Rev. W. W. Staley has commenced to clean off the ground for his house. Mrs. Moring, the mother of Misses Alberta and Bessie, has selected a lot and drawn the plan of the house and will let the contract in a few days. Mr. Samuel Adams will build shortly. Dr. Long is laying his foundation, Long, the little son of Prof. Hollenman, laid the first brick.

Rev. Mr. Boone and his son, Mr. Willie, were up last week. Mr. Duncan Cook, of Franklinton has been with us the past week, superintending the work on Mr. Staley's lot. Mr. Samuel Adams and family arrived last week. We extend to them a hearty welcome to their new home, hoping they will be pleased with their new location, and we are pleased to have them with us. Mr. H. C. Bain, (builder and contractor) who resides in Greensboro, was down Saturday on business. Prof. S. A. Hollenman, left last week for his father's home in Chatham Co., where he will spend a few days with his mother and father, after which he will canvass that section in the interest of the College. Mr. Herndon has returned from his trip to Eastern Va., and reports favorable success. Mrs. Kate Lambeth of Warsaw, was in town last week visiting her friends. Miss Alberta Moring, the highly esteemed and accomplished Art Teacher of Elon has been up for several days visiting her friends and in the interest of her mother's house. We were very glad indeed to have her with us, and hope she has enjoyed her visit. Miss Alberta is a favorite among the students, and the young men also, everywhere, who know her. We are sorry she can't remain much longer. For fear my letter will be too long I will close.

Yours truly,

A. F. YOUNG.

Elon College, N. C., July 20, '91

Colportage.

One of the many great needs of the Christian church at present is a thorough-going, active system of colportage. We as a church need to read more, think more, and then act more. A good system of colportage would necessitate all three of the above results. When a people read, they are very apt to think, and when they begin to think they will act.

Now, there is no better way to get a people to read than to keep before them, and in their homes, rich literature—something new and varied if possible every week. The mind and body are more closely related in some respects than some are disposed to think. One rule frequently holds good for both. This is certainly true in that both must be fed. We are very attentive in furnishing the body at least three times a day, and we like, too, a change, a variety of food. So with the mental man. True, it is self-acting. We may frequently forget to feed the mind, to think, but we are thinking just the same. Can we conceive of our minds in a state of inertia? By no means save when we slumber and then frequently the mind is acting. How important it is then that we feed that mind on wholesome food—the elevating, energizing “Bread of Life.”

What a person—especially so by the young—reads will be stamped upon and reflected by the life and conduct of that person. It will have a telling effect and cannot be helped. Now when we remember that the country is full of obscene literature, (romance, thrilling adventures, hair breadth, escapes, and the like) and that this is far more fascinating to the young mind than simple truths and stern realities, the fact that we as Christians are doing no more than we are to disseminate and encourage the reading of good literature becomes alarming. We are not doing our duty. There never were grainer principles and nobler truths given to humanity than those upon which we as a denomination profess to stand. All that these principles and truths need, are to be made known in an intelligent manner, to a perishing world. Our principles are direct from headquarters, taken from the Bible and therefore founded upon truth and truth can no more be obliterated than God's sunlight while the sun remains in the heavens.

If our people will read and reflect more upon these blessed, God-given truths, they will catch an inspiration not yet felt, feel a glow and a warmth of God's spirit not yet experienced. We long to see the day come when our people will read more, have more literature. I can think of no way better to bring this about than by having literature carried from house to house by consecrated and devoted workers. And if the day should ever come, and God grant that it may in His own good season—when every conference shall have an active colporteur, scattering thousands of books, tracts and leaflets in the homes of our land the Christian church will receive an impetus, a God given impulse not yet experienced.

ATLAS.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—I can imagine I see your bright expectant faces as you turn eagerly to our CORNER, and hear your glad voices as you read the Cousins letters, and your expressions of delight and encouragement when you find a new worker come to join the BAND. We had a regular feast of letters last week and we really feel very much encouraged. You see one can encourage and help another and not know any thing about it at the time. But when you do learn of the good you have done some one or caused some one to do a good deed, don't it make you feel good all over, and sometimes a lump will seem to come in your throat and no matter how hard you try to swallow it will just stay there till it gets ready to go away? Ah, children there is something in doing good that does us good and we can't help it. Do you know it, and have you ever tried this plan when you were angry with some one who had done you some injury that you felt you wanted to forgive them for, and some how you couldn't: *Do something for them*, then you will feel better toward them, you will find it much easier to forgive. Try it. I know you will not regret it. We expect Uncle Barry home this week.

Cordially,
UNCLE TANGLE.

PROVIDENCE, Va., July 10th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY: As I have never written a letter to the Corner before I will write my first letter now. I enjoy reading the cousins letters very much and also Uncle Tangle's letters. My school closed on the 30th of June and I was very glad but I hated to part with my teacher. I am very glad to hear that Uncle Barry is improving. I send one dime for the BAND.

With love and best wishes,
MARIA DeBAUN.

We give you a hearty welcome, Maria, and hope you will often favor the cousin with a letter. I know you will enjoy it and it will do you good.

MORTON'S STORE, July 9th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I will with pleasure write a few lines to the BAND. I feel encouraged to work for the BAND when I see so many nice letters from Uncle Barry or Uncle Tangle. I like to read Uncle Millard's verses very much. I am glad to hear that Uncle Barry is much better. I will answer Minnie King's question: The 19th chapter of 2d Kings, and 37th of Isaiah are alike. I send a half-dime for the BAND. I must close. Love to all.

ALMETTA KERNODLE.

Almetta it does us all good to see an interest in good work by so many dear little workers, and we hope you will all be faithful all through life.

BERKLEY, Va., July 7th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—Sister Sallie has just

finished writing you a very sad letter. I will tell you how we spent the 4th of July. Papa went to the Beach and as Mamma was spending a week in Norfolk we children spent the day at Grandpa's and a jolly time we had—eating ice cream and cake, playing with the young colts, and bathing in the river. We were sorry when the day was over. I am glad you are getting well. I hope to see you when you come to Providence. I will ask the cousins a question: What was the name of the little boy who was made king when he was only 7 years old? I send 10cts. for the BAND.

Your nephew

TOMMIE MORRISON.

Ah, Tommie, we welcome you and want to hear from you again. Boys who love fun should also love to do good and I hope you are a good boy. You know that unless you are you can never expect to see your little baby brother again, who is with Jesus.

BERKLEY, Va., July 7th 1891

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—You know I am a little country girl only nine years old, so please don't expect much of a letter from me. As soon as I saw in the “SUN,” the letters from my two friends, Alice and Etta, I made up my mind to write and tell you how glad I am to hear your health is better and that you will soon be again at Providence. You will be sorry to know that our little baby brother, Willie Gardner died about two weeks ago. We miss him very much, but we try not to grieve, for we know he is safe in heaven. Our little sister Fanny who is only three years old, when she saw him in his coffin, said, “Little Dard gone asleep in his new tarrage.” I send 10 cts. for the BAND.

Your niece,

SALLIE B. MORRISON.

Sallie, we hope you will find the company of the cousins so pleasant you will write often. And although you are a “little country girl” what difference does that make, I would like to know. You can be a little Christian in the country as well as in town.

COURTLAND, Va., July 9th, 1891.

DEAR UNCLE BARRY:—I was very sorry to hear of your illness, hope you are much better by this time, and I was very much shocked to hear of little Addie's death but I think she is better off. I enjoy Uncle Tangle's and Uncle Millard's letters very much. I think Uncle Millard's pieces are ever so nice, especially about the little robins. “I slept and dreamed that life was beauty; I awoke and found that life was duty.” Our Corner is bright and interesting now, and the SUN grows more and more so every week. I will ask a question: What three men were cast into a burning fiery furnace, and the fire never scorched their clothes or injured a hair of their heads? We are having beautiful weather for the crops. My school has closed and I am at home. I haven't any money this time, but I hope I will by the next time I write. I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner. I will close. With love for the cousins, Aunt Minnie, Uncle Barry, and best wishes for the BAND

I am lovingly,

EARNEST L. BEALE.

Earnest, we are glad to hear from you again, and hope you will not wait so long next time before we hear from you.

The D. F. Jones Endowment.

What does it mean? This: Rev. D. F. Jones, one of our missionaries in Japan, being much interested in our endowment fund for mission work, desires, and offers, to add to said fund in the following way: Though himself a missionary far from native land, home and kindred, and working on small salary, he yet gives tithes—one tenth of his earnings—to the Lord's treasury. With some of this, what he calls, his Lord's money," he has bought a house which stands on the ground near the Christian church owned by our mission at Ichinomaka, Japan. This house is used as a residence for our native Christian preacher at that place. Bro. Rhodes has before suggested that our mission ought to buy this house for a Christian parsonage. Bro. Jones now offers to give the house. That is, if we will buy it he will give the money, and pass it at once to our endowment, the interest to be used for Foreign mission work. This very generous offer of our brother was gratefully accepted by our Mission Board at its recent meeting and the mission secretary was instructed to ask our people to contribute the money. For this we now ask for the modest sum of one hundred dollars. Twelve dollars are already in hand and promised. Surely this amount at least will be sent in at once on the reading of this statement. We ask those who would enjoy the privilege of helping to purchase the first Christian parsonage in Japan, and at the same time add by so much to our mission endowment, to send \$1,\$2,\$5, or more as they may feel moved to do. Send to J. G. Bishop, 127 Williams St., Dayton, Ohio. Surely you are ready to give a twentieth, fiftieth, or at least a one-hundredth part as much as Bro. Jones for this purpose! You understand: By our contributions we buy the house of Bro. Jones, but he takes not a dollar from our treasury, but donates it at once to our endowment fund; which in honor to him we wish to call the *D. F. Jones Endowment*.

We trust that because of prompt action there will be no occasion for mentioning this again in our papers—the *Sun* and the *Herald*, until the amount is in, when the fact, with the names of the donors and the amounts will be given.

Will not pastors assist by calling the attention of members of their congregations to this matter?

J. G. BISHOP,
Secretary of Missions, A. C. C.

Striving for Greatness.

Ambition is a capital thing, if only it can be kept in its right place. Ambition, implies the possession of conscious power. A very ambitious man is a very powerful man, in some respects. But power, in

human hands, unguided by a large measure of the Spirit of God, is always dangerous. Its possessor is apt to use it to achieve distinction, for its own sake. The powerful man, the man of great ambition, is prone to aspire to greatness,—such a degree of it at least as will place him above those around him, in certain directions. An ambitious pugilist seeks to be the greatest among the professionals. He stretches himself for the championship and reaches that point, if he can. So it is with the professional ball-player, if he be full of ambition. And so it is, too often, with some preachers. The ambitious, talented young preacher aspires to become the greatest preacher in town; and, unfortunately, there are those who will "pat him on the back" and tell him that he is "the smartest preacher" in the community. This suits him, if he have much ambition and little humility. How different were the view of the gifted, humble and Godly Payson! Read what he wrote; "Some time since, I took up a little work, purporting to be the lives of sundry characters, as related by themselves. Two of those characters agreed in remarking that they were never happy, until they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us, when Heaven pleases. It occurred to me, at once, that the most of my sins and sufferings were occasioned by an unwillingness to be the nothing which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw that, if I would but cease struggling, and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy.... My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too. You must not even wish to be a great Christian; that is, you must not wish to make great attainments in religion, for the of knowing that you have made, or for the sake of having others think that you have made them." There is profound common sense, as well as gospel sense, in these remarks, and it would be well if every young Christian, and all young ministers, would be conscientiously and constantly governed by them.—*C. H. Wetherbe in Central Baptist*.

The Cruelty of Selfishness.

It was in the waiting room of a popular city physician, one dark, drizzly afternoon. The leather cushioned chairs were filled with waiting patients, some in real and some in imaginary need of healing.

Among those who had longest been in waiting were a mild-mannered lady with a babe in her arms, and a well-dressed man and woman. But while they frequently expressed their vexation at the length of time consumed by those before them in the con-

sulting room, the gentle-faced lady spoke not a word of fault-finding, although, as she paced up and down the carpet with her fretful child in her arms, there was a look of deep solicitude on her face. Gradually the babe became quieter, but the anxious look only deepened on the mother's face, and she looked a shade whiter and almost stopped once to press her face against the babe's cheek. Then she glanced longingly toward the door of the consulting room, but was compelled to renew her restless pacing up and down, with more nervousness in her step than before.

At last, when it came the turn of the hysterical-looking lady to enter, the distracted mother, in a moment of desperate anxiety for her babe, which overcame all her natural timidity, took a few quick steps and, with a hurried apology for her boldness, asked if she would not grant her the privilege of taking her turn. "I would not ask it, but for my baby's sake, which I fear is—"

"Your baby seems quiet enough," was the freezing reply of the other, in the tone with which she would address an inferior; "and I'm sure my sufferings deserve some consideration."

With this the lady(?) swept in, to consume the busy doctor's time in detailing the minutest symptoms of her latest ailment, while the anguished mother pressed her infant closer to her heart and renewed her walk, more to give vent to her own nervousness than to quiet the child.

When the lady came out, the mother looked up to cast one appealing glance at the gentleman who was to follow her, and who evidently was her companion. But she was met only by a stolid expression of indifference and subsided into her weary rounds of the room.

At last it came her turn. With nervous haste she struggled toward the door, pausing a second on the steps to remove the covering from the child's face. No one could ever forget her cry of startled horror and the expression of white despair on her face. There was no need for her to see a physician. The child was quiet enough, as she had been told; but it was the quiet of death.

The physician said that it was one of the cases where prompt attention might have saved life. No doubt both the persons who had denied the mother's request with such heartless incivility would have written a liberal cheque to relieve a case of need, or welcomed some great opportunity to play the benefactor; but it is the little calls for humanity that run counter to our own love of ease, or that call for some common sacrifice of pride or self-interest, that must bring out the exceeding cruelty of selfishness.—*Youth's Companion*.

Turning Points in the History of the Soul.

Perhaps you have seen a heavy engine shifted from one track to another by a little thin plate of iron. So the lives of many are shifted from one course of life to another by a very small incident. This is especially true in revival seasons. How often we have seen sinners balancing themselves on the question, "Shall I start to be a Christian now, or postpone this matter to another time?" The scales of the will stand almost on a level balance. A one ounce weight dropped in then turns the whole man to step on the side of God and heaven. Just then a little influence of the right sort from a Christian friend carries the immortal soul to Jesus to be saved. O, what eternal things hang then on the smallest touch of some outside influence. It is said that on the rugged heights of the Alps at certain times, a great mountain of snow hangs so evenly balanced, that the jar from the footstep of a traveler or the report of a gun, may destroy the nicely poised equilibrium and send the immense avalanche thundering down to the bottom, destroying everything in its desolating track. And so many souls in revival seasons stand in the very crisis of their moral history. We call to mind the case of a young lady, who was "almost persuaded" to go, but an unseemly influence of another, turned the scale and she passed away unsaved.

It is said that the brilliant Aaron Burr, while a student at college during a revival season, was convicted of sin and became much concerned about his soul's salvation. A little encouragement would have carried him over on the Lord's side. But while this intellectual giant stood deeply pondering the great question, a man connected with the college, dropped the weight of his influence in the wrong end of the scale, and Burr dismissed the question from his mind, and became finally an avalanche of ruin to himself and many others. And did not King Agrippa and Felix once stand upon this pivot of eternal destiny? A flash of light came upon them and revealed the harbor of safety, but they decided not to steer to it then. What followed? Dense darkness closed in around them and the bark of the soul floated off on the stormy sea, a moral wreck.—*Raleigh Christian Advocate.*

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The People Are With Him.

Professor Winston, the new president of the University of North Carolina, favors the admission of girls to the university, and the *Durham Globe* says: the people are with him.

Yes the people are with President Winston in this matter and we are very glad to see the citizens of our sister State taking an advanced view of the question of the higher education of women and it, is the proper thing for the State to bear a share in the expense of higher female education as well as for the higher education of the males.

All of our Southern Universities will no doubt in the course of a few years open their doors to women, and if this is not done we shall have to bear the burden of seeing the women of the North excel in intellectual pursuits and professions the women of the South.

It does not follow that because women are allowed to take the same collegiate course that men are following they must necessarily follow the legal or medical professions.

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The growth of grace is like the polishing of metals. There is first an opaque surface; by and by you see a spark darting out; then a strong light, till at length it sends back a perfect image of the sun that shines upon it. —Sel.

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Washington Square, Suffolk, Va.

Visiting the Work.

Knowing the interest many of the Sun's readers are taking in the Mission work in Japan, I will write them a few things about my last visit to our Northern parishes.

Leaving home at 5:30 a. m. on a cold April morning, about the coldest we have known at Tokio in April. We made for Veno Station, and arrived in good time to catch the first train bound for the north. It was, however, a cold ride; soon the reason became manifest when we saw the mountains covered with snow and a strong wind from them blowing continually against us. As we traveled north we noticed snow on the housetops, and in many places along the road, and finally learned that while we in Tokio on the previous day, had a storm of wind and rain, the northern counties had one of wind and snow.

The first day's journey came to a close when we arrived at Sendai 215 miles north of the capital. In this city are several Missions, and quite a number of Foreign Missionaries.

Not having any work of our own church in Sendai, the next morning I hastened to take the 6:30 train still further north. The short time spent was a very pleasant one, as I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. DeForest and his wife, two of the Board Missionaries, who freely talked about the good work.

In less than two hours we left the train after traveling 27 miles, at a place called Kogota on the Wakuya parish, and proceeded to a place about twelve miles further called Iwadeyama. Here we had a splendid congregation, who gave good attention to the Word. Thus far there are no Christians only attentive hearers; no other mission as far as I can learn, having done any work but ourselves.

The following morning two of us walked over the mountains about 8 or 9 miles while the other rode on a horse with our baggage; then all took horses to a place called Iwagasaki, a new point for us, about 7 miles further, and where only one sermon has ever been preached on the gospel, and that by our student Ohta San.

Being but 3 or 4 hours to publish the meeting at Iwagasaki, our numbers was not as large as possibly would have been if longer time had been given to publish. Good attention was given while 3 of us preached.

I do not hear of Christian work being done there by any but ourselves, therefore the responsibility rests on us to give them the Word of Life.

Saying farewell to Iwagasaki we proceeded to Kamari where we have a band of Christians which is about 6 or 7 miles from the above place. On arrival we found our dear brother Nikaido, who is one of the best of the earth, in much trouble; having had stolen

from his mill the previous night about 4 dollars worth of rice which in the present poor condition of business in that town makes it difficult to sustain such a heavy loss. He also fears he will lose his 2 months old babe, which is exceedingly weak.

The 6 Christians are doing nicely, meetings every Sunday and seem to be very earnest in the work. A good meeting at night, large attendance and fair attention. Buddhism seems to be very strong and has a firm hold of many of the people.

D. F. JONES.

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Richmond and Danville Rail Road Company.

Condensed Schedule.
In Effect May 31st, 1891.

| SOUTH BOUND. | | |
|--------------------|------------------|------------|
| | DAILY No. 9. | No. 11. |
| Lv. Richmond, | a3 00 p m | a2 55 a m |
| " Burkeville, | 5 11 p m | 4 55 a m |
| " Keysville, | 5 53 p m | 5 36 a m |
| Ar. Danville, | 8 12 p m | 8 00 a m |
| " Greensboro, | 10 20 p m | 10 19 a m |
| Lv. Goldsboro, | a2 57 p m | †8 30 p m |
| Ar. Raleigh, | 4 48 p m | 11 50 p m |
| Lv. Raleigh, | a6 10 p m | a1 30 a m |
| Ar. Durham, | 7 30 p m | 3 32 a m |
| " Greensboro, | 10 00 p m | 8 00 a m |
| Lv. Winston-Salem, | †8 30 p m | a7 25 a m |
| " Greensboro, | a10 30 p m | a10 28 a m |
| Ar. Salisbury, | 12 20 a m | 12 02 p m |
| " Statesville, | a1 52 a m | a1 01 p m |
| " Asheville, | 6 55 a m | 5 03 p m |
| " Hot Springs, | 8 56 a m | 7 00 p m |
| Lv. Salisbury, | a12 30 p m | a12 10 a m |
| Ar. Charlotte, | 2 10 p m | 1 35 p m |
| " Spartanburg, | 5 32 a m | 4 43 p m |
| " Greenville, | 6 47 a m | 6 05 p m |
| " Atlanta, | 1 15 p m | 12 30 a m |
| Lv. Charlotte, | a2 20 a m | a1 40 p m |
| Ar. Columbia, | 6 20 a m | 5 30 p m |
| Ar. Augusta, | 10 20 a m | 9 10 p m |
| NORTH BOUND. | | |
| | DAILY No. 10. | No. 12 |
| Lv. Augusta, | a7 00 p m | a10 45 a m |
| " Columbia, | 11 00 p m | 2 00 p m |
| Ar. Charlotte, | 4 00 a m | 6 30 p m |
| Lv. Atlanta, | a7 00 p m | a8 10 a m |
| Ar. Charlotte, | 5 10 a m | 6 40 p m |
| " Salisbury, | 6 52 a m | 8 35 p m |
| Lv. Hot Springs, | a4 48 p m | a12 28 p m |
| " Asheville, | 6 23 p m | 2 15 p m |
| " Statesville, | 11 02 p m | 6 40 p m |
| Ar. Salisbury, | 12 01 a m | 7 34 p m |
| Lv. Salisbury, | a7 00 a m | a8 45 p m |
| Ar. Greensboro, | 8 44 a m | 10 30 p m |
| " Winston-Salem, | a11 38 a m | †12 20 a m |
| Lv. Greensboro, | a10 30 a m | a12 20 p m |
| Ar. Durham, | 12 23 p m | 4 35 a m |
| " Raleigh, | 1 29 p m | 7 15 a m |
| Lv. Raleigh, | a1 24 p m | †8 45 a m |
| Ar. Goldsboro, | 3 40 p m | 12 20 p m |
| Lv. Greensboro, | a8 52 a m | a10 40 p m |
| Ar. Danville, | 10 40 a m | 12 20 a m |
| " Keysville, | 1 26 p m | 4 13 a m |
| " Burkeville, | 2 11 p m | 4 55 a m |
| " Richmond, | 4 10 p m | 7 00 a m |

† Daily except Sunday. a or *Daily.

Between West Point and Richmond.

Leave West Point 7.50 a m daily and 8.50 a m daily except Sunday and Monday; arrive Richmond 9.15 and 10.40 a m. Returning leave Richmond 3.10 p m and 4.45 p m; arrive West Point 5.00 and 6.00 p m.

Richmond and Raleigh via. Keysville.

Leave Richmond 9.00 p m daily; Keysville 6.00 p m; arrive Oxford 8.03 p m; Henderson 9.15 p m; Durham 9.35 p m; Raleigh 10.40 p m. Returning leave Raleigh 9.15 a m daily, Durham 9.30 a m; Henderson 9.35 a m, 10.55 a m; arrive Keysville 1.05 p m, Richmond 4.10 p m. Through coach

between Richmond and Raleigh.

Mixed trains leave Keysville daily except Sunday 9.10 a m; arrives Durham 6.50 p m. Leaves Durham 7.1 a m daily except Sunday, arrives Oxford 9.10 a m. Leaves Durham 7.30 p m daily except Sunday at Keysville 1.59 p m. Lv Oxford 3.00 a m daily except Sunday; at Durham 5.05 a m.

Additional train leaves Oxford daily except Sunday 11.10 a m, arrive Henderson 12.15 p m., returning leave Henderson 2.25 p m. daily except Sunday, arrive Oxford 3.35 p m.

Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 8.40 p m., Danville 3.45 p m., Greensboro 5.10 p m., Salisbury 6.34 p m., Charlotte 7.55 p m., arrives Atlanta 2.25 a m. Returning, leave Atlanta 12.25 p m., Charlotte 9.20 p m., Salisbury 10.32 p m., Greensboro 12.03 p m., arrives Danville 1.30 a m., Lynchburg 3.35 a m., Washington 8.48 a m.

No. 9, leaving Goldsboro 2.57 p m. and Raleigh 6.10 p m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No. 40, leaving at 7.15 p m. daily, except Sunday for Oxford, and Keysville.

Nos. 9 and 10 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

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On Trains 9 and 10, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York, Danville and Augusta, and Greensboro, via Asheville, to Knoxville, Tenn.

On 11 and 12, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans, via Montgomery, and between Washington and Birmingham, Ala., Richmond and Danville, Raleigh and Greensboro, and between Washington and Augusta, and Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Washington and Hot Springs via Asheville.

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RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD

in effect Sunday, Dec. 1890

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

| | 34 | 38 |
|------------------------|----------|----------------|
| | Pass. | Pas. and Mail. |
| Daily. Daily ex. Sund. | | |
| Leave Raleigh, | 5 00 p m | 11 25 a m |
| Mill Brook, | 5 15 | 11 41 |
| Wake, | 5 39 | 12 05 |
| Franklinton, | 6 01 | 12 26 |
| Kittrell, | 6 19 | 12 44 |
| Henderson, | 6 36 | 1 00 |
| Warren Plains, | 7 14 | 1 19 |
| Macon, | 7 22 | 1 46 |
| Arrive Weldon, | 8 30 | 2 45 p m |

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

| | 41 | 45 |
|-----------------------|----------------|----------|
| | Pass. and Mail | Pass. |
| Daily ex. Sun. Daily. | | |
| Leave Weldon, | 12 15 p m | 6 00 a m |
| Macon, | 1 13 | 7 06 |
| Warren Plains, | 1 20 p m | 7 15 |
| Henderson, | 2 22 | 7 53 |
| Kittrell, | 2 39 | 8 11 |
| Franklinton, | 2 56 | 8 29 |
| Wake, | 3 17 | 8 50 |
| Mill Brook, | 3 40 | 9 15 |
| Arrive Raleigh, | 3 55 | 9 30 |

LOUISBURG RAILROAD

Leaves Louisburg at 7.35 a m, 2.00 p m. Arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a m, 2.35 p m. Lv. Franklinton at 12.30 p m, 6.05 p m. Arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p m, 6.40 p m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager. Wm. Smith, Superintendent

RALEIGH AND AUGUSTA AIR-LINE

R. R. In effect 9 a. m. Sunday, Dec. 7, 1890

Going South.

| | NO. 41 Passenger & Mail. | NO. 5 Freight & Passenger |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Leave Raleigh | 4 00 p m | 8 35 a m |
| Cary, | 4 19 | 9 20 |
| Merry Oaks, | 4 54 | 11 28 |
| Moncure, | 5 05 | 12 10 p m |
| Sanford, | 5 28 | 2 10 |
| Cameron, | 5 54 | 4 20 |
| Southern Pines, | 6 21 | 5 35 |
| Arrive Hamlet, | 7 20 p m | 8 10 p m |
| Leave " | 7 40 p m | |
| " Ghio | 7 59 p m | |
| Arrive Gibson | 8 15 p m | |

Going North.

| | NO. 38 Passenger & Mail. | NO. 4. Freight & Passenger |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Leave Gibson | 7 00 a m | a m |
| Leave Ghio, | 7 18 | |
| Arrive Hamlet, | 7 38 | |
| Leave " | 8 00 | 5 00 |
| Southern Pines, | 8 58 | 7 40 |
| Cameron, | 9 26 | 9 31 |
| Sanford, | 9 52 | 10 55 |
| Moncure, | 10 16 | 12 10 p m |
| Merry Oaks, | 10 26 | 12 50 |
| Cary, | 11 01 | 2 45 |
| Arrive Raleigh, | 11 20 a m | 3 20 |

PITTSBORO ROAD.

Lv. Pittsboro at 9.10 a. m. 4;00 p.m.
arr at Moncure at 9.55 a. m. 4.45 p.m.
Lv Moncure at 10.25 a. m. 5.10 p. m.
arr at Pittsboro at 11.10 a. m. 5.55 p. m.

CARTHAGE RAILROAD.

Lv Carthage at 8.00 a. m. 3.45 p. m.
arr at Cameron at 8.35 a. m. 4.20 p. m.
Lv Cameron at 9.35 a. m. 6.00 p. m.
arr at Carthage at 10.10 a.m. 6.35 p.m

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At his home near Long's Chapel, July 10th, 1891, Robt. Graham, son of George Graham. Bro. Graham was a young man of about twenty-five years, and a member of the church at Long's Chapel. He was buried at the church of which he was a member on the 11th. Burial service by the writer. A large number of relatives and friends were present at his burial. May God comfort the bereaved.

P. H. FLEMING.

July 14, 1891.

Rates North Carolina State Horticultural Fair.

For above occasion the Richmond & Danville, R. R. will sell tickets to points named. Tickets on sale August the 3d, 4th and 5th, good returning August 8th, 1891. From Charlotte, N. C., \$3.15; Winston Salem, 1.20; Durham, 2.10; Henderson, 3.40; Raleigh, 2.85; Selma, 3.50; Galesboro, 3.75. Rates from intermediate points in same proportion.

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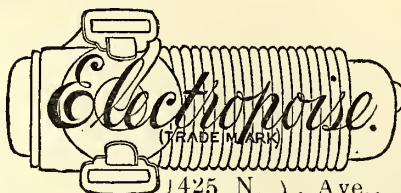
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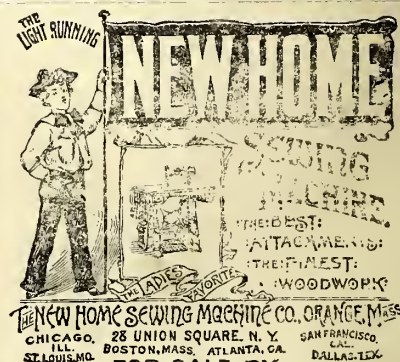
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